

ROOSEVELT AND HANNA TO GO HOME.

Other Friends of President so Satisfied with His Condition that They Will Depart.

BUFFALO, Sept. 10.—Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt, who, like Senator Hanna, will return home to-night, stood behind the telegraph operator at the Wilcox House, where he is staying, and read with eagerness this morning the despatch from the Milburn mansion telling of the President's splendid condition. When it was finished he clapped his hands joyously and with tears in his eyes said to Mr. Wilcox:

"There! Didn't I tell you God wouldn't let such a noble man die by an assassin's bullet?"

After breakfast Mr. Wilcox announced that the Vice-President had been urged, in view of the President's improving condition, to utilize his last day in seeing some of the Pan-American Exposition, notably the Government Building. The Vice-President declined the invitation with some little vehemence.

"I do not believe," said he, "even though I am assured of the President's convalescence, that it would be entirely proper for me to take part in any of the festivities. I have studiously refrained from going out or being entertained during my visit, and I will continue that policy until I leave. I came here absolutely as a matter of duty

both to the President and to the people, and not for pleasure."

When the Vice-President stepped out to the sidewalk to go to the Milburn house, a secret service detective stepped up alongside of him. He turned around when he found the man following him, and said: "I do not want you to follow me. I do not need any one and I'm not afraid."

Then to the newspaper man with him he added: "I am sorry to say that the Oyster Bay police force is not large enough to permit of the assignment of men to guard me, and if I get used to it up here they might have to increase the force down there at the expense of the poor taxpayers, of which I am one!" And then he laughed most heartily.

The Vice-President will leave on a late train to-night or an early train tomorrow morning for Oyster Bay, where he will either remain for some time or else take a short vacation in the Adirondacks.

Vice-President Roosevelt departed from the Milburn residence at 12:30 o'clock, leaving the members of the Cabinet still there.

"The President's recovery is assured," said he to the newspaper men. "All around him are convinced of it. I shall leave the city this afternoon or this evening."

"You consider the President completely out of danger?"

"I do," he replied in his emphatic way. "I feel certain of it."

SHE LAUDS CZOLGOSZ FOR HIS ACT

Mrs. Schwab Says, Too, That Emma Goldman's a Martyr.

In her little dingy saloon, the low ceiling of which is black with the smoke of cheap tobacco and from which the odors of vile whiskey are wafted into First street, Mrs. Justus Schwab sullenly sneered at the existing order of society to a reporter of The Evening World to-day.

"Poor Emma Goldman," she cried. "I hope the police haven't found her. If she wants money she knows where she can get it. What do they want her for? She speaks truth, and can she be blamed if her words bring action?"

"Czolgosz heard her talk and did what he regarded as his duty. Can he be blamed? John Brown did his duty and was hanged for it. To-day he is regarded as a martyr."

Emma Goldman a Martyr.

"Emma Goldman is a teacher of the gospel of anarchy and will one day be viewed as a martyr to humanity. I don't know where she is. She was in St. Louis a week ago. I had a letter from her there. I hope she is where nobody can find her."

"Did you hear of any plot to kill Vice-President Roosevelt?" asked the reporter.

"No, I never heard of such a plot," was the reply. "Would I tell you of it if I had? I believe Roosevelt is a better friend of the masses than McKinley ever was. Some day it might be a good thing if many of that kind of men were dead and the true government prevailed. Then the dreams of Emma Goldman and my poor dead husband would be realized."

Mrs. Schwab, when informed that President McKinley would probably recover, said:

"As a woman I am glad for his wife. Then, in the same breath, she asked: 'What will they do with Czolgosz?'"

"He may get ten years in prison," was the answer. "The world will hang him if the law allows," said Mrs. Schwab. "I presume he will be imprisoned and one day we'll hear of his going to an insane asylum. It will probably never come out why he went insane. They will do with him as they did with Bresci."

Czolgosz a Hero.

Among those in the saloon of Mrs. Schwab was Phillip Scherer. He says he is not an Anarchist, but knows many of them and is conversant with their views.

"Anarchists look at Czolgosz as a man of action," said Scherer to an Evening World reporter. "In their eyes he is a hero. He has done something more than to sit at a table and drink beer and talk. A man like Czolgosz does more good to the cause of Anarchy than 1,000 pages of written matter."

"I was talking to Most, who said there ought to be more like this apostle. Most said his name deserved to be written in the book of Anarchistic fame, not for shooting the President, but because he is a man of action."

THREAT TO KILL POLICE CHIEF

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 10.—Superintendent of Police Pierce received a letter from Anarchists to-day saying that he will be killed before Saturday. Great excitement prevails here.

The letter is signed by a man named Canino, who has been located. He keeps a restaurant at the south end.

ESTEVE DEFIES POLICE.

Secret-Service Men Search Office of Anarchistic Editor in Vain.

(Special to The Evening World.)

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 10.—Pietro Esteve works on at his La Question Sociale as if the Government was at his back in getting out his Anarchistic sheet. Six men from the Investigation Bureau, as he calls it—meaning Secret-Service men—visited him to-day.

They asked to see the rooms adjoining the composing rooms of his paper, which are used by the Right of Existence Group as a meeting hall.

With a wave of the hand holding the printer's stick Esteve said: "There they are; go and see for yourselves."

The Secret-Service men found nothing, and left the building. They expected to find something, but they found nothing. In Pietro Esteve the shrewdest sleuth will find a foe mentally armed to the teeth at all times.

"I am afraid of nothing, God or man. The constitution of this country gives to every man free speech. Until I do something the law cannot put its finger on me. There is no human power capable of driving me back to the shores where oppression and one-man power prevail. This is ridiculous to say that we Anarchists here are responsible for the Buffalo affair."

"Suppose a Protestant should kill another man, would all the Protestants throughout the land be responsible; suppose a Democrat shot McKinley, would all the Democrats be blamed?"

"We Anarchists oppose violence. They call us revolutionists. Why, because we individually try to better our cause. We want to change the present system of crime here. So does any party when it tries to control the Government. Are they not revolutionists?"

"There are no leaders in the Anarchistic party. Each man does his part after the dictates of his belief. I am not at all afraid of being driven from here, all this talk of exterminating us is the talk of disordered minds."

While he was talking Pietro kept on filling his stick with type.

"Say, he said, after a while, 'do you know what I think was the cause of the shooting? Well, I think this fellow got his idea from the newspapers.'"

Then he laughed.

"Are you going to say anything in your paper about the attempted murder of the President?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes; I will say something," and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Going to say you are sorry?"

"Oh, no; not that. Just say that I have not heard officially yet whether Czolgosz is an Anarchist or not. If I hear that he is one I will tell my people in the paper. And say," he continued, "as his visitor was leaving, 'I may extend an invitation to Secretary Root to come here and see how peaceful we Anarchists are in Paterson.'"

The man who traps Pietro Esteve will deserve special mention.

DEATH POSTERS STIR A TOWN.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Sept. 10.—A great commotion was caused in this place to-day by placards being posted in the streets predicting McKinley's death. The work was done by a stranger, who passed quickly from place to place.

Before any one realized it the town was placarded all over with the gruesome announcement. Then the stranger had disappeared.

Golden are searching for him high and low and the people are much excited. If the man should be caught it might go hard with him.



CZOLGOSZ IN HIS CELL.

ANARCHISTS DEFEAT POLICE.

WILD SCENES IN A TOWN OF FRANCE.

Reservists March About Singing Revolutionary Songs and Seating Gendarmes Before Them.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—A special despatch from Paris says:

"At Montcaumon-Mines (a town in Saone-et-Loire, famous for its coal mines and quarries) some hundreds of Reservists, who were returning in uniform to-day from the army manoeuvres, entered the town singing the 'Internationale' and other revolutionary songs."

A force of gendarmes attempted to disperse the Reservists, but the latter fixed bayonets and charged on the police with cheers for anarchy and a social revolution. The gendarmes were scattered.

The soldiers then held a mass-meeting and passed a resolution in favor of a revolution.

CARNEGIE ON UNITED RACE.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND TO PREVENT ASSASSINATION.

His Speech at Glasgow on Condition of English-Speaking People.

GLASGOW, Sept. 10.—Andrew Carnegie to-day received the freedom of the city of Glasgow. The Lord Provost, in a speech on the occasion, alluded with indignation to the attempt made on President McKinley's life and expressed the sympathy which the United Kingdom felt for him.

Mr. Carnegie, who was enthusiastically applauded, said Mr. McKinley had won the heart of the American people as no man had since Lincoln. He said he believed in the coming race, the united English-speaking race, which would be good for the whole world.

He hoped the race which abolished slavery in America would be the pioneer in abolishing the crime of setting national differences by the sword of man by man. Until the present in man made was given up no real steps in civilization could be taken.

CZOLGOSZ A LIKELY TOOL OF STRONGER INTELLECTS.



Harriet Hubbard Ayer Makes a Thorough Physiognomical Study of the Assassin—Regards Him as Legally Sane, but as an Egoist, First and Last.

BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

However much we may pretend to under-value the importance of an individual's appearance as an indication of character, every honest person must admit that a man's face expresses his own character and not the attributes of another's personality.

The physical make-up of the occasional criminal usually shows no striking abnormalities. The assassin is neither a giant nor a dwarf.

He is short or tall, weak or strong, well put up or the reverse, as are other men.

Physically, so far as his body is concerned, the signs of degeneracy are the popular way of writing criminal tendencies, are too indefinite to enable one to estimate them. An investigation of the most tables of measurements are unconvincing to the unprejudiced mind as to the reality of the supposed to exist between the normal sane man and the diseased abnormality—the criminal.

But a man's face and head bear the impress of his soul, and though normal characteristics are hard to interpret at a glance, they are equally as difficult for the processor to disguise for any length of time.

Sooner or later, a man's real life is to be read in his face.

The assassin Czolgosz, from his photographs—this sketch is made from a collection of pictures taken at the Police Department in Buffalo immediately after the shooting—is a variation of the Martin Thorne type. Czolgosz's face is less sensual than Thorne's but it belongs to the same class.

It is first of all the face of the egoist. Whatever else he may be, it is safe to say the would-be murderer of our President is obviously sane, and from the point of view regards himself as the hero of the hour.

To be the centre of attention—the target for all eyes—a man of whom every one in the civilized world is talking, means intense gratification to the creature who is half insane with a desire for notoriety, and, while Czolgosz is no means irresponsible, and is legally sane as any other man, his dastardly deed of itself fixes his mental status.

Like Thorne, he enjoys his notoriety, which he cannot differentiate from popularity.

The face impresses me, first of all, as exhibiting strong signs of secretiveness.

These signs are shown in the wide spread of the nostrils, in the closely drawn muscles at the corners of the mouth and in the expression of the eyes, which in the photographs before me are totally devoid of frankness.

They are eyes that look but tell nothing through their lids.

Czolgosz may be surprised or harassed into expressing his condition through his eyes, but not at this stage of the proceedings.

The form of the assassin's face indi-

PE-RU-NA INVIGORATES.

PE-RU-NA REFRESHES.

Miss Maggie Becker, No. 633 Lake street, Appleton, Wis., writes:

"I is with pleasure I recommend Peruna as a splendid tonic to any overtaxed persons. When the mind is wearied the body will soon be worn out also, but Peruna invigorates the body and refreshes the mind. I have also found it a relief in cases of severe backache. We are never without it at home and consider it a household blessing."—Miss MAGGIE BECKER.

Has Better Health than for Six Years.

Mrs. W. E. Llewellyn, Florence, Ala., writes:

"After using six bottles of Peruna my health is better than it has been for six years. I always recommend your medicine to my friends, and will do all I can for you. I had been in bad health for two years before I took Peruna."—Mrs. W. E. Llewellyn.

Suffered Five Years.

Mrs. Christopher Fleishmann, Amsterdam, N. Y., writes:

"In speaking of your remedy, I have been sick with catarrh of the stomach and private organs for about five years and had many a doctor, but none could help me. Some said I would never get over it. One day when I read your almanac I saw those who had been cured by Peruna, then I thought I would try it. I did, and found relief with the first bottle I took, and after two more bottles I was as well and strong as before. Now I can eat almost anything, and it doesn't bother me."—Mrs. Christopher Fleishmann.

Peruna the Best Medicine in the World.

Mrs. Fredericka Hopfinger writes from Tilden, Madison County, Neb., the following:

"I was in the Change of Life and was despairing, did not know what to do. I was troubled with hot flashes; it seemed as if

STRONG VIEWS BY TALMAGE.

HE FAVORS LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR ANARCHISTS.

Says All Who Advocate Annihilation Should Be Sent to Prison.

"Every man who is a professed Anarchist should be imprisoned for life."

Thus spoke Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage at the Holland House to-day. After inquiring as to the latest news concerning the condition of the President, he said:

"The only good that could come from the shooting of the President would be that all civilized nations would join hands in providing such stringent laws against Anarchism that it would soon be stamped out. America should take the lead in this. A ten years' punishment for Czolgosz would be an infamism."

"This is the worst crime ever attempted in America. There is no shadow of excuse for it. It was the act of a vandal. I hope this devil in Buffalo will not be tried until December, when Congress will convene and pass very stringent laws against anarchism. Czolgosz ought to be sent to prison for life."

"No words can sufficiently express my abhorrence of anarchism. Anarchists are expressed in two beliefs—first, there is no God, and second, there shall be no society."

"This will result in very strict laws against Anarchists. They should be suppressed. Don't wait for any acts. Any one who says he is an Anarchist ought to be inside of a prison and ought never to come out."

"I believe the nations are much roused up at this deed, coming as it does so soon after the assassination of the King of Italy, and I believe the world will join hands in suppressing these Anarchists."

"A law properly prepared and presented to Congress would be passed unanimously. Such a law, if passed, would be as easily executed as any other law. But at the present time a man could come to see me here and say he believes in stabbing and shooting and I can't do anything to him."

"The sympathy of the whole world has been expressed for the suffering President. I am sure that he never drew breath. And this diabolical act has shocked the whole world. I have known him as a person, friend, citizen, thirty years, and his life presents many beautiful deeds."

"It does not matter what a man's political beliefs are, or to what party he belongs. We all unite in love and

respect for the President. When he was President of the Y. M. C. A. at Canby he introduced me to an audience there. That was the first time I met him. I have known him as a genial friend ever since."

"I shall pray for his early recovery from this dastardly attempt on his life. I hope the assassin of the President will be the first to die. He is an un-American citizen, and I hope he will be the first to die."

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there was heat all around me. I think Peruna is the best medicine in the world."—Mrs. Fredericka Hopfinger.

Free Home Advice.

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease and yet unable to find any cure, Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female catarrhal diseases, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months without charge.

Those wishing to become patients should address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

The balance of our Opening Sale of Carpets.

1,000 rolls advertised Sept. 3d. We have remaining, the broken lot of 428 Rolls, which we will sell irrespective of cost.

Lot No. 1.

92 cents.

Lot No. 2.

82 cents.

Lot No. 3.

62 cents.

During this week,

At retail only,

Lord & Taylor,

Broadway & 20th St.